

MARVEL®
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THE REAL

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GH0STBUSTERS™

ER... EGON ?!

NOT NOW,
WINSTON,
I'M ONTO
SOMETHING
BIG!

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04



"Old McDonald had a farm, eee-aye-eee-aye-oooo! And on that farm he had a ... aaarrrgghhh!"

Well, we're not really sure what to describe the thing that is at large on a particular farm in Kentucky as, but if you think battery farms are bad then prepare yourself for a shock! Anyway, you can find out if **The Real Ghostbusters** get egg on their faces or not in **Kentucky Frightened Chicken!** Then our Ghostbusting heroes have problems of another kind in this week's **Winston's Diary** when there's a prehistoric paranormal beastie at large. (Large being the operative word!) That's not all, of course, because not only is there a spooky selection of features but there is also Part Eight of **Ghostbusters II - the Movie!** So read on and watch out for those stray dinosaurs!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE

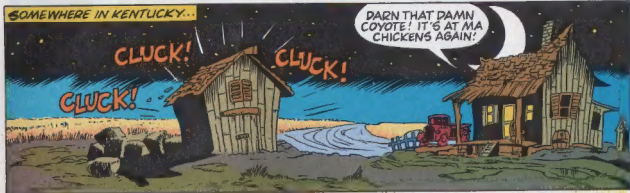


JANINE MELNITZ



SLIMER

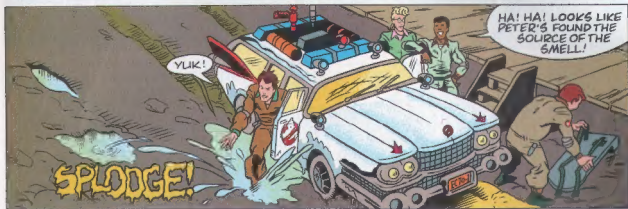
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

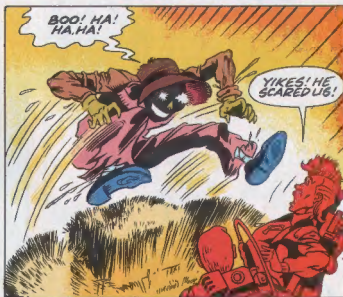


AFTER A LONG DRIVE TO KENTUCKY...

THIS IS THE PLACE, COUPEVILLE FARM. AH... SMELL THAT COUNTRY AIR, PETER!

I'M TRYING NOT TO SMELL IT! IT SMELLS WORSE THAN NEW YORK, RAY!







SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

Shocking revelations from the World Paranormal Symposium that, for years, Wilbur K. Hominey has been fudging his findings on ectoplasmic viscosity with treacle, has rocked the ecto-demic community to the very core this week. I am nearly speechless with grief. Pardon, Peter? What do you mean 'Not nearly enough'? I am really cut up about it anyway. Imagine – discovering that a work of research, bound in yellow sticky-back plastic and weighing nearly nine kilos, that I have loved and cherished ever since the day the mailman came staggering up the path with it is about as useful as a pot of molasses. Even the fact that Hominey was fined heavily for syrup abuse and barred from practising anything for three years (including his tuba, a great relief to his neighbours, I'm told) has not done much to lessen my shock. I've had to put all work aside for the time being until my angst subsides. The only solace I could find was in a video that Winson had hired, which proved to be most diverting. The 'flick' (I believe that is the right word) was curiously entitled *'The Day The Earth Sat Down'* and was apparently the third in a series of films that began with *'At The Earth's Tip'* and *'This Island Sheppey'*. The plot was roughly as follows, as far as I could follow its nuances;



PART 85

It seemed there was a tribe of people called the 'Akita' (pronunciation varied) who lived in a particularly dismal quarry off the beaten track which was perpetually either A) in a diabolic halfnight as the sun filtered through shrouds of red volcanic ash, or B) filmed through a tobacco filter.

The hero, (funnily enough *his* name was Akita too, unless I misheard it) was hounded out of the tribe's quarry because of his complete inability as chief huntsman ('Akita') to stick his spear ('Akita') into anything remotely edible, such as a warthog ('Akita' with fingers bent by lips to suggest tusks), marauding sloths ('Akita' said very slowly and deliberately) or massive, man-eating lobsters ('AKITA! AKITA!'

GUIDE

screamed lustily whilst waving hands in front of face and falling through the back projection matte painting.) In short, as a fearless hunter-gatherer, our man Akita was doing precious little of the former and only picking up verbal abuse ('Akita!' with tongue poked out) with the latter. There then followed a harrowing scene, as the banished hero wandered through the wastes, dressed only in off-the-peg springbok hide, survived the attack of the magnified gecko ('Akita' whilst staring upwards in horrid fascination) and finally rolled up at the village of the blonde sea-folk.

The blonde sea-folk were all rather miffed to be disturbed from their happy tasks of weaving startling fashion accessories out of seaweed and scallops by an unshaven neanderthal falling flat on his face in the middle of their lilos. All, that is, except for the dazzling blonde sea-maiden ('Shaaana' in a startling and ground-breaking scripting move) who takes pity on him, offers him a clam of coralade and generally lives up his pre-history. Which is roughly where I left the film, figuring that too much akita and shock might combine in a nasty way. Come back next week, when normal service will be resumed as soon as is pre-humanly possible.

**Q. WHAT HAS EIGHT LEGS,
A TAIL, SIX MORE LEGS, A FIN,
SOME BONES AND A WHEEL?**

**A. A SPOONFUL OF 'KNORR
MYSTERIES OF THE DEEP' SOUP.**



Lurking at the bottom of every tasty bowl of 'Knorr Mysteries of the Deep' soup are exciting coloured pasta shapes for you to discover. Octopuses, sharks, skull and crossbones....

Dive into your favourite flavours, chicken, tomato or vegetable.

Who knows what else is lurking for you down there?




'Knorr' Mysteries of the Deep' soup. Eat or be eaten.

WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD

Saturday, January 20th 1990

Eddie Allosaurus was not quite as tall as I had expected. He greeted Egon and me warmly and showed us to his trailer, explaining as we went that we could call him Fred, as Fred Munney was his real name. Eddie Allosaurus was just a stage name he used for his films. Okay, Fred – we said.

When it got to that stage in a job where one of us says 'Now what exactly seems to be the trouble?' Egon coughed politely and said 'Now what exactly seems to be the trouble?' just like that, right on cue. You can tell we're a well oiled, professional machine, can't you? Eddie/Fred told us it was the 'thunder-beasts', which is apparently the mythical name given by the local Indian tribe to the ancestor spirits said to walk upon this particular stretch of the Arizona desert. That was all well and good, Eddie/Fred went on, as in his opinion, ancestor spirits could walk about wherever they pleased provided they didn't bother anyone. But something (and he put an ominous emphasis on the 'something') was causing problems each night on the set of his latest monster-movie – 'The Land That Time Mislaids', which he was filming here in the desert.

Every morning, the crew would wake up to find the set (a perfect reconstruction of primitive man's 'des. res.' complete with ochre wall-paintings and a big pile of bones in the corner, built at a cost of several million dollars by the best scenic design cave specialist in the industry) trampled into dust. It was costing Fred a fortune, and besides, the cast were getting nervous, and Sheri Dutch, the famous blonde star of the film, had refused to put on her ocelot-skin bikini and go back out in front of the cameras until it had all been sorted out.

I brightened up a bit at the prospect of Sheri Dutch, but I needn't have bothered. All that a trip to a movie set in Arizona was going to have in its favour was a chance to get cramp whilst

huddling on the set during the night waiting for something to show up.

It was late in the night, just after three, as I began to wonder if I'd go to sleep before I got cramp or vice versa, when Egon shook my arm and said something to me.

I didn't hear exactly what he said – not because he whispered too quietly, but because he was drowned out by the stupendous rumbling and thundering that had just started up.

When I was kid, I saw 'When Dinosaurs Ruled the Roost' (coincidentally one of Eddie Allosaurus's first films) and I marvelled then at what amazing things these dinosaurs were, and what a shame it was I'd never get to see one for real, as they all died out zillions of ages ago. What's more, I thought all of that despite the fact that I was watching a stop-motion animated dinosaur made of clay which in reality was only a few inches high. It still made me feel pretty impressed. Dinosaurs are a lot more impressive in real life. I can guarantee that now.

That's because the thing causing all the roaring and rumbling was a dinosaur. A great *big* dinosaur. It had a huge long neck and a vast body supported on four enormous legs and a massively gigantic tail. I remembered my 'Big Book of Dinosaurs' well enough to know that it was a Brontosaurus. As it towered above us, it seemed bigger than the biggest thing I'd ever seen before in my life.

Though I couldn't hear Egon, I quickly recognised the course of action that he was recommending, and followed him as fast as my legs could carry me. From the comparative safety of a boulder three hundred yards away, we watched in wonder as one of the greatest beasts ever to walk the Earth systematically tore down the set by the light of the stars.

"This is extraordinary!" exclaimed Egon.

"That's a full-focused concrete apparition of a pre-human echo, complete with acoustic and telekinetic energy spec-

trums. This is possibly the oldest and most perfect specimen we've ever encountered!"

"It's certainly the biggest," I countered, rather simplistically but with real feeling. "What's it doing? Why's it attacking the set like that? Why aren't we at home in bed?"



"I'm not sure..." said Egon, in his now-famous 'but I'm prepared to speculate' tone of voice. "The dinosaurs were the most powerful, widespread and successful species ever to walk the earth. Their reign lasted one hundred and fifty million years. Compared to that, Man's achievements look pretty pitiful."

I was on the verge of mentioning Nuclear Power, disposable cutlery and pizza, but realised that these things actually went a long way to support Egon's argument. Egon went on. "Man, on the other hand, has always treated Dinosaurs with contempt and pointed at their bones like circus exhibits. Dinosaurs are seen as amazing prehistoric freaks, monsters to frighten us. Man uses the word 'Dinosaur' to mean slow and sluggish and outdated or old-fashioned. That's pretty unfair. Dinosaurs were strong and fast and agile and led the world for a long,

long time. Man can't even depict them accurately. All the dinosaurs were dead long before man ever came down from the trees and opened his filofax, yet people like Mr Allosaurus still insist on making movies in which glamorous walking tans run screaming from marauding dinos. My guess is that this ghost is an embodiment of Dinosaurian pride and identity, and it's tearing apart the film set as a gesture of indignation at the disrespectful way mankind depicts the dinosaur species as a whole." Egon paused thoughtfully. "Either that or it's a huge slaving beast that wants to eat conquer and destroy New York, but is warming up on the film set first. Whichever, we've got to bust it."

"We could bust it..." I began. "Or we could persuade Eddie to move his set a few miles away out of range of the ghosts territory, so the poor thing can rest in peace without being insulted. Somehow I feel we owe it to them all..."

Call me soft-hearted, but that's what we did. Eddie Allosaurus moved camp about nine miles across the desert and wasn't bothered again. Somehow I felt I'd done the right thing, especially when Eddie Allosaurus wrote to me. He said he'd listened to our reasoning (I'd related what Egon had told us) and in honour of all dinosaurs, he'd give up making dino-flicks so that he'd never bad-mouth them again.

He added he was off to the Bahamas to make his next film - 'Attack of the Zombie Killer Shark'. We're waiting for the call...



NEKKDASGEDDON

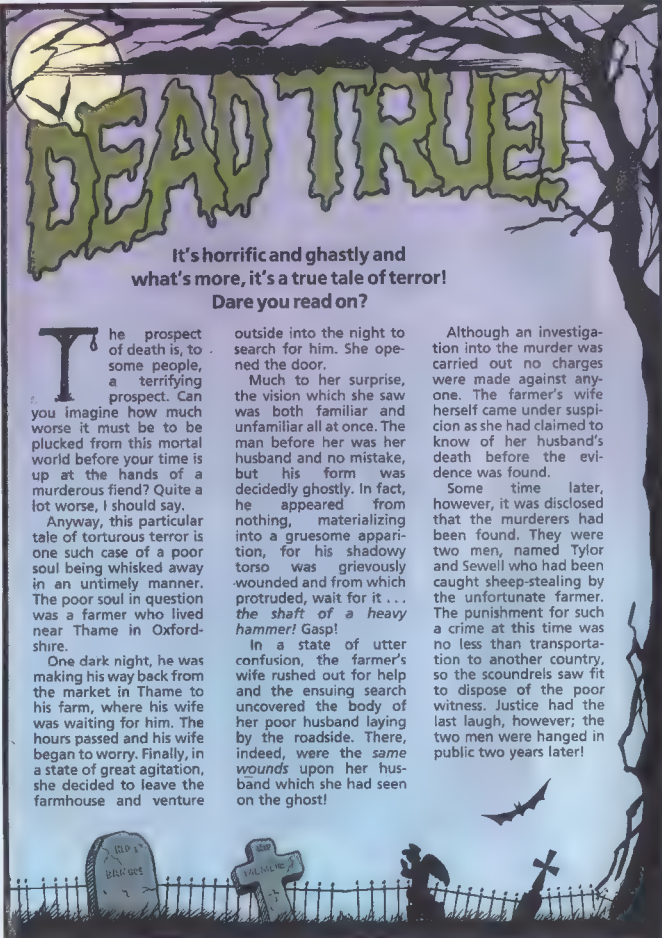
This major league nasty was one of the toughest busts ever. Egon was contacted by his old nemesis

Ponquadrator, the four-handed man, a demon of infinite power, who had become embroiled in a massive Demon War with Nekkdasedgon, the Beast of Eight Legs, a monstrous fiend so powerful even the mighty Ponquadrator feared him. Ponquadrator needed the Ghostbusters' help to

stop Nekkdasedgon, or the demon would conquer not only the Supercosmos but also our own World too!

Clad in his proton beam-proof Ecto-Battle Armour, a suit of pure Electronium, Nekkdasedgon seemed unstoppable. But Egon and Peter at last found a chink in his armour, and when the smoke finally cleared, the rather surprising truth about Nekkdasedgon's real appearance was revealed. . .





DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?

The prospect of death is, to some people, a terrifying prospect. Can you imagine how much worse it must be to be plucked from this mortal world before your time is up at the hands of a murderous fiend? Quite a lot worse, I should say.

Anyway, this particular tale of torturous terror is one such case of a poor soul being whisked away in an untimely manner. The poor soul in question was a farmer who lived near Thame in Oxfordshire.

One dark night, he was making his way back from the market in Thame to his farm, where his wife was waiting for him. The hours passed and his wife began to worry. Finally, in a state of great agitation, she decided to leave the farmhouse and venture

outside into the night to search for him. She opened the door.

Much to her surprise, the vision which she saw was both familiar and unfamiliar all at once. The man before her was her husband and no mistake, but his form was decidedly ghostly. In fact, he appeared from nothing, materializing into a gruesome apparition, for his shadowy torso was grievously wounded and from which protruded, wait for it . . . *the shaft of a heavy hammer!* Gasp!

In a state of utter confusion, the farmer's wife rushed out for help and the ensuing search uncovered the body of her poor husband laying by the roadside. There, indeed, were the same wounds upon her husband which she had seen on the ghost!

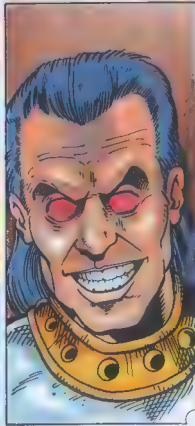
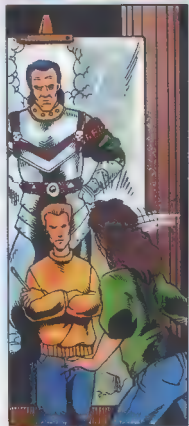
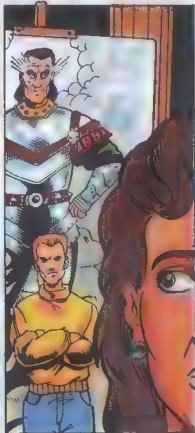
Although an investigation into the murder was carried out no charges were made against anyone. The farmer's wife herself came under suspicion as she had claimed to know of her husband's death before the evidence was found.

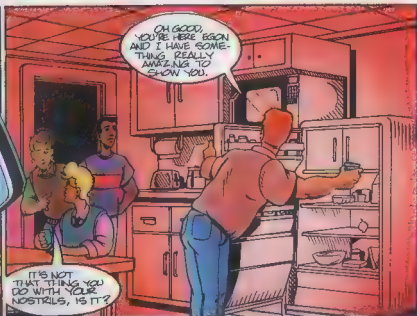
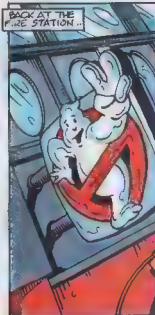
Some time later, however, it was disclosed that the murderers had been found. They were two men, named Tylor and Sewell who had been caught sheep-stealing by the unfortunate farmer. The punishment for such a crime at this time was no less than transportation to another country, so the scoundrels saw fit to dispose of the poor witness. Justice had the last laugh, however; the two men were hanged in public two years later!

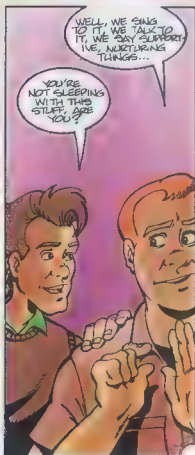
GH**OST**BUSTERS II

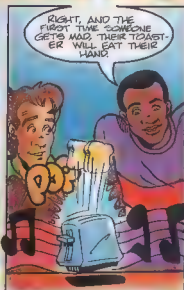
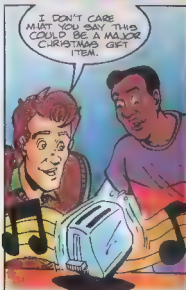
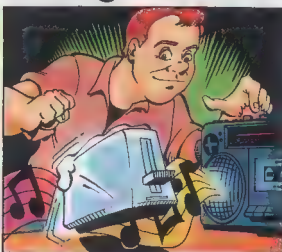
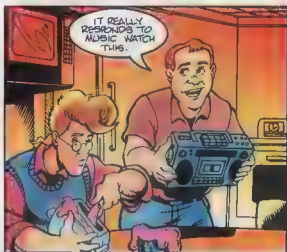
PART EIGHT











MORE GHOSTBUSTING NEXT WEEK!

GHOST WRITING!



Welcome to another frolicsome Ghostbusters' post-bag. Boy, are we going to have some fun! Read on...

Dear Peter...

Dear Ray,

I have some questions for you:

1. Can ECTO-1 do stunts?
2. What is your favourite food?
3. Do you like fungus?
4. Does Egon like Slimer?
5. Who is your best friend?

P.S. You are the best

Ghostbuster there is!

— Emyr Lloyd Evans,
Gwynedd.

Ray says:

"ECTO-1 wasn't really designed to do stunts, but you should see some of the things it manages when Winston's behind the wheel! One of my favourite foods is grilled mushrooms, so I guess that answers two questions at once! I'm also pretty fond of a big chunk of West Pier Pizza of course... Egon tells me that

he finds Slimer 'fascinating in a spectrally-metamorphic ectological sense' which I guess means he loves the little guy as much as the rest of us. Winston and I have such a good time staying up watching the late night horror flick on TV... Egon and I can lose whole days talking about protonic enhancement... Peter and I laughed so much when we went bowling together last week, I thought my sides would split... Janine and I love spending a busy Sunday morning together in the kitchen whipping up a huge roast lunch for the team... with friends like these, how can you choose a best one?"

I think you are the coolest person I ever met, besides me! Can you tell me why in Issue seventy-five the contents said that Dead True would be on page 17, but when I looked there was an advert instead. Also, why did you get the pages mixed up in *Ponquadrador II* in Issue forty-six?
— Matthew Wilkinson, North Yorkshire.

They're small, they're ugly, they're called Gremlins, and even the most protonically sealed comic sometimes gets interfered with by them!

I have some questions for you:

1. I have just bought a Proton Pack, which had an I.D. card with it. Is yours exactly the same? If so, can you print one in the comic?
2. Have you seen Elvis? If so,

how is he?

3. What do you wear under your suit?

— George Sheerman,
Hampshire.

1. Thanks for the questions, George. We printed a copy of the Ghostbusters I.D. in issue one... don't tell me you weren't collecting our essential comic back then ?!!
2. He's fine. Well, he's not that good. He's a little shook up, actually. Okay, so he's a hound dog.
3. What I wear under my suit is my business! But if you must know, it's usually a Metal With tour shirt and a pair of orange-and-purple paisley boxers.

I have some questions for you:

1. Who do you get on better with — Janine or Slimer?
 2. Do you like the Ghostbusters song that is being sung by Bobby Brown?
 3. Do you go red when you get embarrassed?
 4. Do you collect anything?
 5. Do you like pizza?
- Nicola, Hitchen.

Thanks for all the love hearts on the letter, Nicola! 1. I would have thought the answer to this was obvious! 2. I can't hear you... I've got my Walkman on listening to that Ghostbusters song by Bobby Brown. 3. I never get embarrassed. 4. Money, awards, dust, the phone numbers of pretty girls... 5. Does Stay Puft wear a big hat? Is Slimer green? Is 'Ponquadrador' more difficult to spell than 'cat'? Of course I do!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



BLIMEY!
IT'S...

PRESTO THE MAGICIAN
IS SHOWING SLIMER
HIS LATEST TRICK...

I SHALL NOW
MAKE ZE FLOWAIRS
DEESAPPEAR!

WOWZA!



ABRACADABRA!
ALAKAZAM!

OOOER!
S' GONE!

POOF

VAMPIRE!

GOO SARGAS!



OKEY DOKEY, PRESTO! NOW SLIMER, MAKE
THISSY STONKING BIG CAKEY POO DISP - PIPSA -
MAKE IT VANISH!

UH
OH!



AND SO...

ABRAKAZAM!
YUMMY YUM
YUM!

BLUP!

S' GONE!

MAGIC,
INNIT?

Huh?!



SAMBO!

SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your
jokes! Send 'em
to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
13/15 Arundel Street
London
WC2

How does Frankenstein sit?
Bolt upright!

Who won the monsters'
beauty contest?
No one!

What do you call a nice, polite,
kind and friendly monster?
A terrible failure!
- Irfan Merali, Chelmsley
Wood

What sort of cake would you
find in the bath?
A sponge!
- Sarah Kent, Swanley

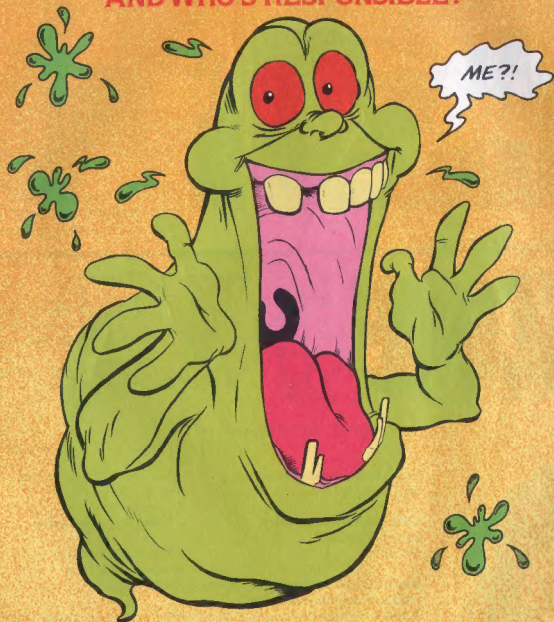
What sort of sweets do
vampires like best?
Vaulteasers!

Who makes up ghost jokes?
A crypt writer!
- Ruairie Barry, Ireland



SLIMER!

IT HAS MORE SLIME PER SQUARE INCH
THAN ANY OTHER COMIC—
AND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE?



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Please reserve me a copy of
Marvel's **THE REAL GHOST-**
BUSTERS comic every week.
Reserve it for collection*/
Deliver it with our regular
paper order*

*Delete as applicable.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN

